Crime Scene Seduction

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Crime Scene Seduction

by demoncard

Summary

Hannibal tries to turn the tables and seduce Will at a crime scene but ends up hurting himself and it's Will to the rescue.

Notes

A series of one shots of bottom!Hannibal and just Hannibal being needy, dominated, insecure, needing affection fucked, begging and/or sick and taken care of. I hope you enjoy.

Written for Tumblr user dyamondblack because they gave me the idea.

The body looked like passive volcanic activity. Charred beyond recognition, with bits of red flesh glaring from within. Will stood and scrunched his face, clearing his vision. The house was nice, well kept, except for the gaping burn hole in the bedroom.The burn damage extended up the wall and had multiple points of origin, so said the Fire Chief.

He exited the room, ascending the staircase. They said the damage was up here as well. Maybe some evidence could surface.. It couldn't hurt to try. Images were slipping through his mind. Associations and minuscule details haunted him like flies on roadkill.

Reaching the pinnacle stair, he turned right. Hannibal was there, milling around and taking survey.

“Did you find anything?” Will asked, his brow furrowed.

“Sadly, no. Just cast off debris from the fire.” He looked around “But it wouldn't hurt to dust it anyways.” he suggested, walking towards Will.

“Done and done.” stated Will, with a small smile on his face. “They said they already had. They just wanted me to do my thing that I do.” He rolled his eyes. The untasty thoughts had never settled with him quite. He tried to push it from his mind.

“So, what do *YOU* see, Doctor Lecter?” He asked, a playful tone to his voice.

Hannibal looked around again and started backing into the undisturbed bedroom.

“If you would like to know, come here.” He looked up, no hint of sarcasm in his voice. Will snorted and followed the Doctor into the room. Books lining the walls. All was undisturbed except for the bed, it had been recently slept in. What a sad sight.

As Will approached him, he leaned in, kissing hard. Will’s eyes darted open and he laughed into the kiss. “What are you doing?” His hands coming to rest on Lecter’s chest.

“You wanted to know what I saw, correct?” He licked his lips “I see someone I need to touch.” He pushed in again, this time hungrier.

Will wasn't sure what to do. “We’re at a crime scene….what...what are you doing?” He pulled back and cocked his eyebrow. “I mean, I like it, don’t get me wrong. But..” His mouth cracked a smile. “It’s just unorthodox to say the least.” But this time, he kissed Lecter. His tongue running circles over the older man’s lips. Feeling their fullness.

As they kissed, Hannibal started moving back slowly. The thought of pushing Will against the wall driving him on. His next step proved ending as he toppled backwards and landed on his ass. The air left his lungs in an unpleasant rush and it took him a moment to gather his bearings. Sharp pain radiated from his ankle and he winced. Pulling up his pant leg revealed a nice black and purple bruise, growing in size by the minute.

He let the fabric drop. Dusting himself off and trying to stand. He couldn't. Losing his balance, he fell back to the floor with a resounding thud and a cry from his lungs. He closed

his eyes against the pain.

Will's gaze softened. The amusement gone from the situation, he hurried over to him. "Are you ok?" He asked in a concerned voice. Arms around Hannibal, his need to protect was strong taking hold.

"It's just a sprained ankle." Lecter stated. Brushing it off. Not wanting to appear weak but failing.

"Well, we'll just have to take care of you, now won't we?" He smiled into Hannibal's neck, breathing hot and heavy onto the nape. Hannibal felt safe and secure in Will's arms. Something he needed more often.

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